

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,  
I could not finde him at the Elephant,  
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,  
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,  
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,  
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,  
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,  
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me  
To any other trust, but that I am mad,  
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing  
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't  
That is decciueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter *Oliuia*, and *Priest*.

*Ol*. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well  
Now go with me, and with this holy man  
Into the Chantry by: there before him,  
And vnderneath that consecrated rooffe,  
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,  
That my most iaculous, and too doubtfull soule  
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,  
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,  
What time we will our celebration keepe  
According to my birth, what do you say?

*Seb*. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,  
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

*Ol*. Then lead the way good father, & heauenous to shine,  
That they may fairly note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*  
*Finitus Actus Quartus.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Claudio* and *Fabian*.

*Fab*. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

*Clo*. Good M<sup>r</sup>, *Fabian*, grant me another request.

*Fab*. Any thing.

*Clo*. Do not desire to see this Letter.

*Fab*. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire  
my dogge againe.

Enter *Duke*, *Viola*, *Curio*, and *Lords*.

*Duke*. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

*Clo*. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

*Duke*. I know thee well: how dost thou my good  
Fellow?

*Clo*. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse  
for my friends.

*Du*. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

*Clo*. No sir, the worse.

*Du*. How can that be?

*Clo*. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,  
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my  
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my  
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if  
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why  
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Du*. Why this is excellent.

*Clo*. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be  
one of my friends.

*Du*. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.  
*Clo*. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would  
you could make it another.

*Du*. O you giue me ill counsell.

*Clo*. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,  
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

*Du*. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double  
dealer: there's another.

*Clo*. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde  
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good  
tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* sir, may put  
you in minde, one, two, three.

*Du*. You can foole no more money out of mee at this  
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak  
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my  
bounty further.

*Clo*. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come a-  
gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that  
my desire of hauing is the signe of couetousnesse: but as  
you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it  
anon. *Exit.*

Enter *Antonio* and *Officers*.

*Vio*. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

*Du*. That face of his I do remember well,

yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard

As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:

A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,

For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,

With which such scathfull grapple did he make,

With the most noble bottom of our Fleete,

That very enuy, and the tongue of losse

Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

*1 Offr*. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*

That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,

And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,

When your yong Nephew *Timo* lost his legges;

Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,

In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio*. He did me kindeste sir, drew on my side,

But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Du*. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,

What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,

Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere

Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant*. *Orsino*: Noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

*Antonio* neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,

Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

*Orsino's* enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingratull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde

My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduers Towne,

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing  
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,  
Which I had recommended to his vse,  
Not halfe an houre before.

*Vio*. How can this be?

*Du*. When came he to this Towne?

*Ant*. To day my Lord: and for three monthes before,

No intrin, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter *Oliuia* and attendants.

*Du*. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes  
on earth:

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,

Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

*Ol*. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,

Wherein *Oliuia* may seeme seruiceable?

*Cesario*, you do not keepe promise with me.

*Vio*. Madam:

*Du*. Gracious *Oliuia*,

*Ol*. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

*Vio*. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

*Ol*. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,

It is as far and fullome to mine care

As howling after Musick.

*Du*. Still so cruell?

*Ol*. Still so constant Lord.

*Du*. What to perueniense? you vniuill Ladie

To whose ingrate, and vnauuspicious Altars

My soule the faithfullst offerings haue breath'd out

That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

*Ol*. Euen what it please my Lord, that shall become him

*Du*. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th Egyptian theefe, at point of death

Kill what I loue: (a sauage iaculouise,

That sometime sauiours nobly) but heare me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That scrowes me from my true place in your fauour:

Liue you the Marble-brested Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,

And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deere,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,

Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,

To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

*Vio*. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

*Ol*. Where goes *Cesario*?

*Vio*. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witness above

Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

*Ol*. Aye me detested, how am I beguill'd?

*Vio*. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Ol*. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

*Du*. Come, away.

*Ol*. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

*Du*. Husband?

*Ol*. I Husband. Can he that deny?

*Du*. Her husband, sirrah?

*Vio*. No my Lord, not I.

*Ol*. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy  
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy  
Be that thou know'st thou art,  
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter *Priest*.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy

Heere to vnfold, though lately

To keepe in darkenesse, what

Reueales before 'tis ripe: what

Hath newly past, betwene this

*Priest*. A Contract of etern

Confirm'd by mutuall ioynde

Attested by the holy close of li

Strengthened by enterchangen

And all the Ceremonie of this

Seal'd in my function, by my t

Since when, my watch hath to

I haue traail'd but two houre

*Du*. O thou dissembling C

When time hath sow'd a grizz

Or will not else thy craft to qui

That thine owne trip shall be

Farewell, and take her, but di

Where thou, and I (hencefort

*Vio*. My Lord, I do protest

*Ol*. O do not sweare,

Hold little faith, though thou

Enter *Sir And*

*And*. For the loue of God

sently to sir *Toby*.

*Ol*. What's the matter?

*And*. Has broke my head

*Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too

helpe, I had rather then forty p

*Ol*. Who has done this sir

*And*. The Counts Gentle

him for a Coward, but hee's st

*Du*. My Gentleman *Cesario*

*And*. Odd's slifelines heere

for nothing, and that that I di

*Toby*.

*Vio*. Why do you speake

you drew your sword vpon m

But I bespake you faire, and h

Enter *Toby*

*And*. If a bloody coxcom

me: I thinke you set nothing

Heere comes sir *Toby* halting,

he had not bene in drinke, h

other gates then he did.

*Du*. How now Gentleman

*To*. That's all one, has hurt

Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon,

*Clo*. O he's drunke sir *Toby*

were set at eight i th morning

*To*. Then he's a Rogue, an

hate a drunken rogue.

*Ol*. Away with him? Wh

with them?

*And*. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*

gether.

*To*. Will you helpe an As

a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a